

MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

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Montgomery Bell Bulletin

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FEBRUARY, 1924.

No. 3.

An Eventful Night

THE night was unusually black, and the heavy atmosphere, filled with a slow-falling, mist-like rain, made it impossible to see ten feet in front of you, even with high-candled flashlights. These were the kind of nights that the coast patrol dreaded, for they knew that every rum-runner in the whole vicinity would be cautiously steering their ghost-like sloops across the bay and noiselessly dropping anchor in some secret cove, where men were waiting for their cargoes.

"Well, I guess we'll have our hands full tonight," said Ben McCarthy, as he fastened the top button of his yellow slicker.

"Yes," agreed Bob Perry, his running mate, "we always do on nights like this."

These two men were standing at the lower end of the big landing discussing the weather and so forth, when both suddenly became quiet. Their trained ears had heard some sound, and as if by force of habit their hands went to their pistols.

A minute or so later they heard a regular "splash, splash, splash," and presently a little bump.

"A rowboat, and he hitching right below us," whispered Ben to his companion.

The coast guards stood silently waiting, and in a minute a dark form appeared on the docks. After looking carefully around he approached the two officers, who were somewhat puzzled at his actions. The stranger said in a coarse voice, "Follow me."

The mysterious one then swung around and started toward whence he came. The two guards, quite aghast, looked at each other for several seconds, and then a grim smile appeared upon their weathered faces. They guessed something, so pulling their skippers' hats down over their faces they followed the man.

"Glad ye found where we wuz to meet," said the guide as he dipped the oars into the water and started pulling for somewhere away from the dock. "Yes, if I hadn't of knowed who ye wuz I'd a sure took ye fer some men," continued the man as he gave several long guffaws.

"I guess we ought to have looked like seven men, eh, Bob?" laughed Ben, as they swiftly sped along.

All parties decided to take the remainder of the journey in silence, for which both Ben and Bob were glad. They mutually decided to take things as they came, and with their Colt automatics they felt very safe.

After about fifteen minutes of puffing on the part of the oarsman they pulled alongside of an old sailing vessel and following the one who had taken them thus far, they climbed up a ladder which was hung over the side. Ben and Bob afterwards admitted that they felt shaky when they stepped on the deck of that old boat. They were led into a little cabin whose furnishings consisted of three or four chairs and a table. An oil-burning lamp hung low over the table, which lighted only a small part of the room. In this room they were told to wait.

"What do you make of it, Ben?" asked Bob, rather nervously.

"Why, I think that we are right in the midst of one of the most notorious gangs of runners that ever dropped anchor off the Barbary Coast," replied Ben, as he again felt for his pistol.

"You don't mean Sammy Jones, from Hawaii?"

"Exactly," was the reply. "What we want to do is to play into their hands, and in some way round them all up with their cargo."

"I'm with you," vouched Bob; "and remember, there's quite a neat little reward out for them," he added.

They were interrupted in their plans by the appearance of a treacherous looking man about thirty years of age, small in stature but very active. He greeted them with a sneering smile that made cold shivers run up and down the spine of the government men.

"Boys, I shore am glad everything is working out as smooth as it is," chuckled Sammy Jones, for this was the man.

"Yes," agreed Ben, and he gave Bob a sly wink, which he knew meant to keep quiet.

"Well, I guess you two had better get to the pilot room and give the pilot the necessary direction, and we'll drop our cargo and pull out to sea before the 'revenuers' know we're on earth," said Sammy.

Very much bewildered, Ben and Bob followed.

"Stand by and keep your eyes open," whispered Ben to Bob as they climbed the companionway. Bob nodded.

"These are the men who are going to direct us to the place," said Sammy to the pilot, as they entered the cabin; and turning to the two men, "We are anxious to get there as soon as possible, so don't lose any time." He then hurriedly withdrew.

Ben then drew over close to the pilot and jotted down some directions which he handed to him.

"Follow these and you'll be there in an hour," he told the pilot, a rough-looking old sailor.

After a series of bells they were full speed ahead for where the pilot thought to meet the smugglers who were to receive the cargo. Ben knew better. The directions he gave were to their headquarters. They had been plodding along through the mist for about forty-five minutes when suddenly the door opened quickly, and before Bob or Ben

realized what was up they were staring into the point of a pistol.

"Turn and head for open sea," commanded Sammy to the pilot; "and you two," he went on, "you'll never live to tell this story."

He then backed up towards the door, still covering them, and was about to call below when Bob leaped upon him like a tiger. Sammy was caught entirely unexpectant of anything like this, and was knocked off his feet. Ben went down with him, one hand on the pistol and the other clutching at the smuggler's throat.

Almost at the same instant Bob grabbed the pilot, and in a few seconds they had both the rum-runners overpowered and covered with two big army pistols.

"Don't let anyone up the companionway," quickly commanded Ben. "I'll hold these two and also steer the boat."

He rang the bell for full speed. Ben pulled the whistle down as far as he could, hoping to attract the attention of headquarters.

Outside a loud report of a revolver was heard and then the shouts of a man running up and down the deck. Bob had shot at some one trying to get upstairs and had started the fireworks. Pistols spat fire up the companionway and Bob returned fire, and when the boat stopped moving the government men knew they had to hold the outlaws off while help came. Ben heard a shot and then a groan outside and knew that Bob had been hit. Forgetting himself for a minute he turned his back to Sammy and the pilot, who both sprang on him. Ben fought as best he could, but more men had gained the cabin and one of them grabbed an iron pipe and hit him a telling blow on the head.

Outside they had Bob overpowered and tied securely, and it looked as if all was off, when shouts were heard from below.


"Revenuers! Revenuers!" and in a few seconds everything was in a panic. The whistle and pistol shots had brought aid to Bob and Ben. It didn't take the revenue

men long to capture the ship, and in a little while Bob and Ben were telling their story to the chief.

"Very good, very good," praised the chief when they had finished, "and just as soon as I get the papers filled out you two will be made captains; and by the way, there is a little reward of five thousand dollars waiting for you."

ROBERT L. STOCKARD, JR., '25.

Bitter Sweets

 HE soft, balmy air of an early Indian summer's evening stirred gently through the tinted leaves of the trees. The full moon rode high in the starry heavens and a few of her silvery beams, penetrating deeper than the rest, lit up with fairy light a secluded nook deep within the forest. At first sight one would only be duly impressed with the quiet beauty of the spot. But if one continued to gaze, he would become gradually aware of a dark mound upon the ground which moved slightly, very slightly, now and then.

Bruin was enjoying this beautiful evening, life, himself, and everything else, in the highest degree of drowsy contentment. He had been asleep all day and had awakened an hour or so before. This evening was made especially for him, and so he was determined to take full advantage of it.

Slowly he rose and sat on his haunches, swaying gently and sniffing the night air with keen nostrils. Evidently he was well pleased, for soon he rose on his feet and lumbered slowly to a small stream which trickled over white pebbles and sand and waving mosses. Having quenched his thirst he stood motionless for a moment as if undecided which way he should go. Then, as if he had made up his mind entirely, he started off on a straight course among the trees.

A small log cabin stood in a clearing in the forest.

Around it was an attempt at a garden, a broken down fence, an untidy yard and everything which betokened that its owner was of one and no other nationality, save African. These silent witnesses were verified a moment later when a form darkened the open doorway and a voice said, "Ah reckon dis heah am some 'possum-huntin' night, eh, Sam?" From somewhere behind him came a muffled bark, and Sam appeared on the scene. Sam was a curious character. He had a long tail, long ears, a long body, and a more or less brownish color to his short, sleek hair. Sam seemed to agree with his companion as to the qualities of this night in regard to 'possums, for he came out into the moonlight and whined eagerly once or twice.

"Zat so, eh?" said his darker partner. "Well, jest control yourself fo about ten minutes an ah'll be wid yo."

Sam lay down quietly on the ground, ruminating perhaps upon the chances of his meeting coons instead of 'possums, and waited.

Presently his associate appeared, clad in much-faded blue overalls, a lantern in one hand, a towsack in the other, and a corncob pipe protruding from between two thick lips which spread into a broad grin as he noticed the impatience with which Sam awaited his coming. "He'll sholy give dem varmints a fit dis heah night," he muttered as he struck out into the woods.

Before long Sam had one 'possum up a tree, and in a shorter time Rastus had him in the sack. Pretty soon the 'possum reposing in the sack had a fellow in the same plight as he was thrust in to keep him company, and then a third joined them.

"Dis sholy am a night what am fond of 'possums. I think ah'll gwan home now. Mebbe ah'll ketch anudder varmint on de way."

Humming softly to himself Rastus started leisurely homeward, while Sam rustled ahead among the bushes in search of a fresh scent.

He had proceeded for perhaps five minutes when he heard Sam ahead baying at a tree. "Golly Moses," he

chuckled as he shuffled ahead, bearing slightly to the left as he went. Suddenly he came upon the dog, who was barking intently and showing evident excitement. Sam was under a large oak, whose gnarled and twisted trunk gave evidence of its ancient origin. Its leaves were fairly dense, however. The moon, too, had been obscured by a dark mass of clouds and the woods were full of dim, uncertain light.

"Must be a coon, Sam's so riled," thought Rastus. "Well, coons is good, too."

He circled round and round the tree, but he could make out nothing, so he decided to investigate. It was an easy task to climb the knotty trunk of the tree, and Rastus progressed rapidly upward, looking sharply for the "varmint."

"Sam!" cried Rastus, from his perch in the first fork.

"Bow, wow, wow!"

"Yo sho is some hot dawg."

"Bow, wow, woof!"

"We sho is goin' to—Oooo-ouch, how come for I bus' my head on dat lim'? As I wuz sayin', we sholy is gwine to 'joy dat 'possum."

"Wowooooow."

"I knows jest how yo' feels. Yo—halp! Ah never did trus' dis heah bark nohow—Sam, yo' is de 'possum-huntinest dawg what is." Pause. "Ah wondus whar dat air varmint am keepin' in sech close secludity. My goodness, de air sho smells good. Ummm! Yo' may be hard to ketch, but when ah gets my han's on yo'—Lawd help us! Honey! Sam, yo' is blessed frum now on; we am absotively gwine live in luxisity when I—Great Gawd, Miss Agnes—"

Rastus had been climbing slowly until he smelled the honey. Just then the moon came out and he found himself perched directly opposite an apparition terrible to behold. Bruin's face, smeared with honey, glared at him a few feet away. The astonished negro's mouth fell wide and Bruin plastered a paw heavy with honey and beeswax across his ebony countenance.

Losing all hold he tumbled backward from his perch, and bumping through the branches he hit the ground running.

Rastus and Sam have moved out of the forest and they now live close, very close, indeed, to civilization, and Bruin is smoking a corncob pipe, perhaps.

JOHN A. BALL, '24.

A Man with a Will

His taste delicious, in digestion souring
Devours his will that lives by foul devouring.
—Shakespeare.



Man slunk into a little, dingy shop in Chinatown, the New York underworld. The clock was striking eleven; the man dropped into a chair sitting in a corner by the stove. In five minutes the policeman walking the beat was due to pass that little shop. The man would wait until he passed. Behind a counter a Chinaman slouched in a chair. From all outward appearances he seemed to be fast asleep, but the man sitting by the stove knew that the Chink was giving him one eye. A soft thud on the sidewalk outside of the shop announced the arrival of the policeman. The man in the corner by the stove reared back and shut his eyes as if he was asleep. The cop paused, looked into the shop, and with a satisfied air proceeded on his beat.

The man in the corner jumped out of his chair, opened a door and started down a flight of steps which squeaked under his weight. The door at the foot of these steps blocked his way. He rapped five times on the door and it swung open, revealing a dimly-lighted room. He entered. In the center of the room six men sat around a table playing cards, each puffing on a long-stemmed pipe. One man at the table was sprawled back in his chair fast asleep. A

peculiar odor filled the room; the men were not smoking tobacco.

"Come here and join us, Bo," a hard-looking man sitting at the table shouted to the newcomer.

The man who had just entered drew himself up to the table; one of the men handed him a long-stemmed pipe which he shoved away.

"I reckon you are too good to smoke with us," said the big fellow who had beckoned him to the table. And thinking it would be more healthy to smoke than to refuse, he picked the pipe up and started puffing on it. The men at the table began dropping out one by one, and when the last had tapped out, the newcomer continued to puff on the pipe instead of shoving it aside. Finally the light in the room grew dimmer and dimmer to him until he was fast asleep.

John Kent, a United States Secret Service man, had been sent to Chinatown to try to catch the opium smugglers who were supplying the hop shops with opium. He had got in with the gang and had waited three weeks for an opportunity to catch them all. They would smoke opium every night and doze off, but they made him smoke also every night and now it was getting to be a habit with him. Did he have enough will power to throw off this great temptation? This is how John Kent made his greatest fight, the fight between one of man's greatest weapons, will power, and man's greatest enemy, temptation. Could this will power make John Kent break away from this dreadful habit and keep on the level with real men or must temptation win and send him to the lowest level a white man can reach?

On the next night John Kent sat at the same table in the same den; the smugglers around him had tapped out. Kent knew that outside of the shop his men waited for his call. He would take one more puff on his pipe and go out after them. He picked the pipe up and struck a match. A thought jarred him; he knew that if he took a draw out of the pipe he would never quit. He had reached the crisis,

either to be a man or to sink to the lowest level a man can sink. He dropped the pipe and started to get up, but he looked at it again, and with shaking hands picked it up and struck a match. "Ah, one puff won't hurt me," he said to himself. He started to put the pipe to his mouth, but instead dashed it to the floor, got up knocking the chair over and staggered out of the room.

The next day John Kent was the happiest man in the Secret Service, not only because he had captured the most noted gang of smugglers in the world, but because he had won the greatest fight in his life.

When we know we are doing something wrong, when something tempts us that we know is wrong, let us throw it aside. When we say, "I will do it," let's do it.

LEHMAN LUSKY, '24.

In Memoriam Perpetuum

Loyal to his native land, the cradle of his birth,
His friends, his loved ones, and the name
Of Honor more than all;
A man—too noble to upbuild
His greatness on the lives of men,
Too gentle to endure the glamour of renown,
Persistent in his purposes,
Enduring in his pain—
Was born on Southern soil; and lived;
And passed on steps immortal to his King.
And now his name, committed to a higher place
Among the world of names,
Shall perish not,
While earth and earthly things endure:
A mountain bares her stony breast
That he may ride again,
Eternally—and with him all his men.

DORRIS DAVIDSON, '25.



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Well begun is half done. If then the English classes want to keep their good reputation, it is easy. All we have to do is, write—write stories, verses, editorials, locals. This is the best way also to get before the public, because everybody reads the BULLETIN. We know who are the most ambitious students in the schools by looking in the school papers and seeing who contributed. But there is something else to consider besides the honor. Every year there is a prize for the best story and a prize for the best poem contributed to the BULLETIN. These are offered by the business management of the paper. Besides these also one should

not forget that there is a very handsome gold medal for excellence in English offered by the Kappa Alpha Phi Fraternity, open to competition in the school, and that he who has had contributions accepted and printed in the BULLETIN has a regularly scaled advantage, up to three points, over the student who has not contributed anything.

C. N. R., JR.

When Mr. Ellis Huggins, representing the Federal Reserve Bank, spoke to us on Banking, he told us toward the close of his address how highly the American Bankers' Association was valuing training in public speaking. They were endeavoring, he said, to induce as many of their employes as possible to form or join debating societies so as to acquire a readiness and smoothness of manner and address. Montgomery Bell has always valued this, and has given much time to it with very satisfactory results. The stamp of approval of all this by such an organization as the American Bankers' Association, however, should center the attention of every one once more on this training.

We have nothing to complain of, though, in the work of the literary societies. From the very first meeting of this year the interest has been steady. No one has complained of his hard fate at being assigned on a program, and most of the speakers have put a good deal of effort into their work. By June most of the boys will be able to tell an audience what they wish to say, while some will be able not only to express their ideas to an audience, but the audience will listen.

It would be a good thing for the Trustees to make some repairs on the outdoor gym. For nine years the old bars and rings have furnished amusement and exercise for the boys, but now some are broken and the rest are in such a state of decay that it is unsafe to use them. The repairs would be inexpensive, and the investment would be well worth while.

SOME DREAMS I HAVE

Sometimes I sit and dream and
dream,
And think of things that are
to be;
My mind roams ever on and on,
And the things I see seem real
to me.

What will I be, I oftentimes think,
Rich or poor, or wise or great;
And then my thought takes up
theme,
Perhaps I'll be a man of state.

Again I wonder as I sit,
What is the mission in my
life,
Will I be happy, poor, content;
Or will my way be one of
strife?

I have ambitions, yes, I have,
And all of them are honest,
too;

And if I try with all my might,
I worthy things indeed can do.

My thoughts go wide as on I
dream;

How must I my fortune seek,
Take it easy, or make it hard
And out of reach like some
mountain peak?

First of all, I like to think
To be honest—that's the
thing;

And if my thought is really good,
No evil thought can stay and
cling.

The time to dream will soon be
o'er,

And what's to be will then
come true;

But this I know, whate'er it be,
It shall not shame me, what I
do.

Howard S. Eaton, '24.

DE AMORE

Carmina quondam fingebam,
Carmina voluptatis,
De ardore amoris,
De amore virginis.
Si mihi loqui liceat,
Sic nunc amorem dico—
Ferre sica ille est;
Atque iam monebo
Sanum quemque iuvenem
Non amare ut amavi,

Non sperare ut speravi.
Nunc amorem laudari—
Atque nunc profecto—
Aliquando, aliquanto,
Mihi non libet.

Dorris Davidson, '25.

THE DUEL

My God, the duel is on!
But it's an imposing sight
To see how brave the young men
are

As on to death they fight.

In, out, up and down,
The dazzling swords do parry,
Till it is difficult on them
For lingering eyes to tarry.

Now the fight grows hot,
The seconds hold their breath,
For one mistake by either man
Would only mean his death.

But one man's vigilance grows
slack,

His quickness doth retard,
And his opponent's ready sword
Slips gleaming through his
guard;

Swiftly he draws it back,
Its color a dull red—
And the dark grasses carpet
there

The living and the dead.
Moultrie Ball, '27.

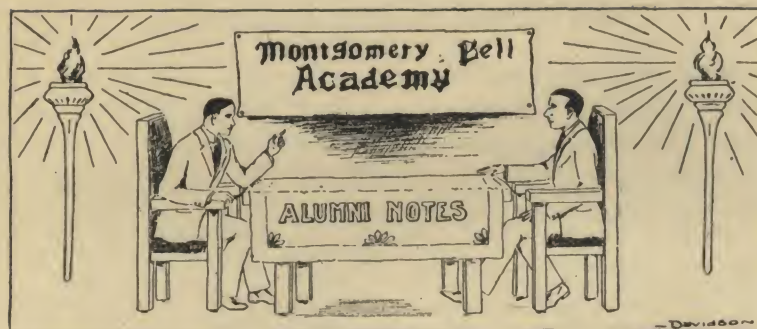
THE RIVER

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and rippling
From morn till night;
Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving like wheat fields
When the winds blow.

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still rushing onward,
Unjaded, unweary;
Through the dark woodland,
Between walls of rocks,
Through grassy meadows,
Watering the flocks—

Flows on the river
So joyous and free,
Forever toiling
On to the sea.

Hume Bracy, '24.



During the Christmas holidays we saw many old faces around the campus, college students, bankers, mechanics, salesmen and jacks of all trades. They were not new men entering school, but old ones, who though they had left M. B. A., came back to remind us that they had not really left us. "Once for M. B. A., always for M. B. A."

The college students talked about their colleges. Each gave reasons for his college being the best and tried to interest those whom he met.

* * *

W. Loyd Smith, '20, is married and working for the I. J. Cooper Rubber Company.

* * *

Eugene Petty, '22, is working for the Nashville Railway & Light Company.

* * *

Marshall Brumbach, '20, is with the Nashville Banner.

* * *

In Alfred Sharp, '19, Vanderbilt not only loses a good student this year, but the Varsity football team loses one of the best centers the South has ever produced. He is with Caldwell & Co., bankers, of this city.

* * *

E. C. Huggins, Jr., '17, is with the Federal Reserve Bank. A few days ago he came out to school and made a talk on some phases of banking, being one of the speakers the American Bankers' Association is sending this year to the schools.

Armstrong Matthews, '20, is at Lehigh, "the best engineering school in the East," so says Armstrong.

* * *

Bedford McCain, '22, is at Vanderbilt taking an electrical engineering course.

* * *

W. S. Burns, '17, once an athlete of great renown, is a suburban farmer.

* * *

Marion Francis, '22, is teaching in a local school.

* * *

James E. Walker is taking a business course at the University of Alabama.

* * *

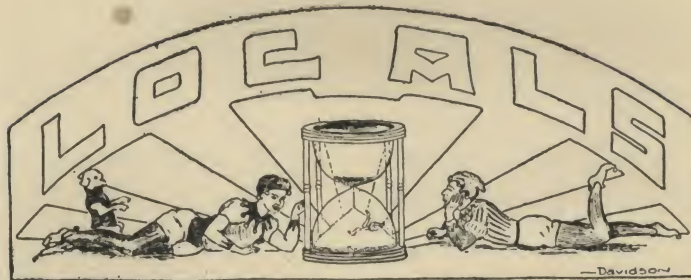
Harold W. Braly, '17, is an employe of a banking house in Honolulu.

* * *

The death of Gen. Robert Vaughn, '73, occurred on December 29. For ten years he was Attorney-General, and for twelve years Clerk and Master of the Davidson County Chancery Court. Some years since he had retired from active life to spend his latter years at his suburban home. He was one of the most considerable figures among the older alumni.

* * *

We record, also in December, the death of Judge J. W. Bonner, for many years a trustee of the Academy. His resignation from the Board was due to his removal to Porto Rico on a Federal appointment.



Fellows, you are not backing the team as you should. There has not been more than a third of the student body at any one of the games. Why can't you get up a little more spirit and back the boys who are fighting to uphold the traditions of the school? Everybody get together.

* * *

"Chubby" haircuts seem to be all the rage. Chili Hardin is responsible for this.

* * *

Riddle denies crying over the young lady. He says it wasn't she that made him cry, it was his feelings. We know just how you feel, brother. We, too, have sometimes trusted.

* * *

At last we have found a place where "Sweetie" could do no "Sheiking"—Chapel Hill.

* * *

Young at Central Hi game: "Fight 'em, fellows, fight 'em; you can win without me."

* * *

Things We Like to See

Dean Bradford not collecting money.

Evansville Jack without his cob pipe.

John Ball not running into the gate.

Mr. Cherry not giving time.

Whitsitt not eating cheese.

English Six with all its work in.

Ed Young at basketball practice.

Lusky not arguing with Mr. Cherry.

Darling Reed not talking about the girls.

Handsome Ransom with his hat.

Chin without his permanent wave.

Phillips not talking about Kathlyn.

Bert Brush with time.

Hardin in school.

Puryear off the honor roll.

Shag Moore not asking "why?"

Squirrel Denton not acting like a cave man.

Dutch Ralls not in Donelson.

Letters from Gertie.

Keene without that Flat Rock smile.

Sykes get enough to eat.

Holidays.

Bag Ears working.

Big crowds at basketball practice.

Plute in Chapel Hill.

The basketball team win a game.

M. B. A. and Hume-Fogg meet.

Bedford not at the Y. W. C. A.

Riddle without his spats.

Upper when he isn't with Bomar.

* * *

Chili carries his two brothers to the games to cheer for him.

Who said my boys didn't get right in the Peabody game? All they needed was a chance to prove themselves. Young and Brown at guards played a wonderful game. Watch their smoke.

Prof.: "What is a common conductor of electricity?"

Student (at sea): "Why—er"—

Prof.: "Wire? Correct. Now what is the unit of electricity?"

Student (still at sea): "The what, sir?"

Prof.: "The watt? Correct. That will do, Johnson."

Fessor: "Chili, who originated 'the daily dozen?'"

Chili: "I don't know, sir, but I think it was Charlie Vaughn."

Bud: "Spider, I saw you up-town staggering last night."

Spider: "Yes, me and six other boys killed a half pint of wine."

Fessor: "Mulloy, hush."

Mulloy: "Fes, I don't ever say anything."

Fessor: "I know, but you talk a lot."

Ed (over the phone): "What time are you expecting me?"

Mary (icily): "I'm not expecting you at all."

Ed: "Then I'll surprise you."

Teacher (to new student): "Son, aren't you Italian?"

Little Boy: "No, ma'am."

Teacher: "But aren't your parents Italian?"

Little Boy: "Yes, ma'am."

Teacher: "Then you are Italian, too, ain't you?"

Little Boy: "No, ma'am, I'm Irish. I came from the Ninth Ward."

Riddle: "'Sweetie,' I know who said they would dye for you."

Sweetie (anxiously): "Who, Bonnie?"

Riddle: "No, Firestine."

He: "Just one more kiss before I go."

She: "No, we havn't time; father will be home in an hour."

"Shall I brain him?" cried the hazer,

And the victim's courage fled. "You can't. It is a freshman,

Just hit it on the head.

Witt.

"My good fellow, how do you happen to be lying in the gutter?"

"'Sall ri', brother, I jus' shaw two lamp-posts and leaned against the wrong one."

Marie: "Why so sad?"

Buffy: "I just happened to think, dear, this is the last evening we can be together until tomorrow."

It is reported that Hardin and Moore have been inquiring into the cost of canoes so as to be able to go to see their "dolls" when the spring freshets arrive and the backwaters are up.

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Reed, Raulston and Denton have taken possession of Belmont Heights. Latest news from the front confirms us in the belief that they have strengthened their strongholds considerably.

* * *

We wonder if "Shorty" has taken up his January note on his cedar chest.

* * *

It looks good to see Captain Pete up and around again. It looks like old times. That was a hard blow. His last game, too. But he has won again.

* * *

"Duckie, you cute little boy, you certainly did play a good game."

* * *

The latest addition to the school is the Winter Stove League. They meet in the cellar every day at the eighth period. The more time you have the higher you rank. Some of the prominent members are Leo Geny, K. Jones, Lusky, Ralls, Rea, Raulston, Gunn, Glennon, Roberts and Reed. "Bulldog" Mayo has been president ever since the first meeting.

* * *

Mary had a little Bulldog—
Times have changed, you see—
And for a little while she was
As happy as could be.
But now, alas, poor Mary's
nerves
Are totally unstrung,
For she has come at last to know
Her Bulldog isn't Young.

* * *

Hardin says he expects to get another letter in baseball this year—with orders to turn in his uniform, we suppose.

* * *

Reed and Denton were caught in the act of turning in locals about themselves.

* * *

Who is this Bettie Marie person that has caused Shag Moore to lose his mind?

There was a Local Editor
Who monthly tore his hair,
And hunted jokes to beat the
band
Till he was in despair.

Alone he scratched and scratched
some more,
This conscientious cuss;
No hen upon a heap of straw
Was more industrious.

He labored long, and on his tomb
They wrote an epitaph:
"Here lies our Local Editor,
Who died that we might
laugh."

But let me tell you blokes right
here
A little thing or two:
That is what this here Editor
Just ainta gointa do.

So sharpen all your pencils up,
And when you spot a grin,
Just hang around and jot it down
And turn that cackle in.

If you don't, there'll be some
funerals
Right interesting to see,
And the stiffs that they'll be
planting,
Well—I'll say they wont be
me.

* * *

Remember, "Four hours, probation, and then the limit." Let every one watch his step.

* * *

At the first meeting of the literary societies in January the following officers were elected:

The Ewing Society—Eaton, president; Lusky, vice-president; Sawyer, secretary.

The Clark Society—Young, president; Barton Jones, vice-president; Wickliffe Read, secretary.

The Freshman Society—Moultrie Ball, president; Charles Vaughan, vice-president; Russell Kelley, secretary.

We wonder if our local scribe, Kike Eaton, misses as many line-ups from the Hemlock exchange as he has done in the past from the East Side. If you wish to find him call the Hemlock exchange. They all know him there.

* * *

We are surprised at the few inquiries that have been received concerning the art of Sheiking. In our last issue we informed the public that we had secured the services of an expert on the subject whose advice may be accepted as final. Sheik Reed is a wizard in the art. Don't neglect such an opportunity. We print the inquiries received.

Dear Sheik: Are bloomers still in style?

Answer—Don't get personal.

Dear Sheik: Should you use your own car or the young lady's when you are going out?

Answer—Always use the young lady's; I do.

Dear Sheik: I love a young lady. How shall I hold her regard?

Answer—Keep her away from me.

Dear Sheik: I am not a success at sheiking. What is the matter with me?

Answer—Damfino.

Lusky and Ralls, late at trigonometry.

Fesser Cherry: "Lusky, what do you mean by coming in late to my class?"

Lusky: "I was looking for a geometry, Fesser."

Fesser Cherry: "Ralls, why are you late?"

Ralls: "I was watching Lusky look for a geometry."

Fesser Cherry: "What were you looking for a geometry in the trigonometry period for?"

"Lusky: "Well, all the boys will be gone home after this period."

* * *

Sweetie Reed has been absent from school for two days. Someone has reported that Chapel Hill's ex-sheriff was seen around town.

* * *

Secretary of the Frsehman Society reading the minutes of the previous meeting, "Each of the debaters had both his debate and his rebate well prepared. The judges decided in favor of the infirmative. The society then adjourned."

The president: "Are there any corrections to the minutes? . . . There being no corrections to the minutes, the minutes are approved."

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The Bulletin is pleased to acknowledge receipt of the following papers:

The Delphian, Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I.

The Echo, Hume-Fogg High School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Wallace World, Wallace University School, Nashville.

The Bayonet, T. M. I., Sweetwater, Tenn.

The Weekly Junior, Fort Worth High, Fort Worth, Texas.

The Normalite, Middle Tennessee State Normal, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

The Hilltop, G. P. I., Gallatin, Tenn.

Purple and White, Branham & Hughes School, Spring Hill, Tenn.

The Pine Branch, Georgia State Women's College, Valdosta, Ga.

The Purple and Gold, Clarksville High, Clarksville, Tenn.

The Signal, Columbia High, Columbia, Tenn.

The Volunteer, Peabody Demonstration School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Purple Parrot, Red Wing High School, Red Wing, Minn.

The Wigwam, Yakima High School, Yakima, Wash.

The Hyphen, Ward-Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn.

The Babblar, David Lipscomb College, Nashville, Tenn.

The Cardinal, Mayfield High, Mayfield, Ky.

The Carpetbagger, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

The Columbia Jester, Columbia University, New York City.

The Juggler, Notre Dame University, South Bend, Ind.

The Tattler, Boys' High School, Atlanta, Ga.

The N., C. & St. L. News Item, Nashville, Tenn.

* * *

In Our Opinion

The Hilltop—An excellent paper as a first attempt. However, some cuts would help its appearance.

The Echo—A well edited paper. The Popularity Contest should create a great deal of interest. Why not print it more often?

The Purple and Gold—A reflection of much school spirit and co-operation among the student body. The cut scheme is rather unusual.

* * *

As Others See Us

We certainly are glad to receive such a fine Bulletin as yours. Congratulations on it.—The Weekly Junior, Fort Worth, Texas.

The quality of your poetry is exceptional.—The Echo.

A very interesting bulletin of real school news. It is a literary publication. It shows what young men can do.—The Normalite.

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Clippings

Jay: "What do you say to a tramp in the woods?"

Jane: "I never speak to them."—The Hyphen.

* * *

May: "Would you wear a rented bathing suit?"

June: "It would depend where the rent was!"—Cavalier.

* * *

Mother and son (John Murphy) at church. The congregation had just finished singing a song by the name of "The Holy Cross I'd Bear."

John: "Mother, where is that holy cross eyed bear they're singing about?"—The Signal.

* * *

Bertha: "I drive my Overland so fast that the telegraph poles look like picket fence."

Myrtle: "That's nothing; when I drive my Ford past a garden and then a lake, it looks like vegetable soup."—Purple Parrot.

* * *

"This is quite the cat's pajamas," remarked the hen-pecked husband as he picked up some of his wife's lingerie.

* * *

Pat: "Mike, I hear you are on the water wagon."

Mike: "Yes, and I am so dry I have been carrying a letter in my pocket two days, and can't lick the postage stamp."—Signal.

* * *

"This is my car," shouted Mr. Brackin to the mechanic, "and what I say goes—get me?"

Just then the mechanic crawled from under the car and said: "Mister, say 'engine,' please."—The Normalite.

* * *

"I'm cutting quite a figure," said the chorus girl as she sat on the broken glass.—The Cardinal.

"Mary, don't be so curious. Don't you know that curiosity killed the cat?"

"What did the cat want to know, mother?"—Tattler.

* * *

Shop Girl: "Drop around and see me some time!"

Lounge Lizard: "What department are you in?"

S. G.: "Monday I'm in hats, Tuesday in coats, Wednesday in dresses, Thursday in lingerie, and Friday in hosiery."

L. L.: "Well, I'll drop around about Saturday!"—The Cavalier.

* * *

"Would you like to take a nice long walk?" she asked.

"Why I'd love to," replied the young man caller, joyously.

"Well, don't let me detain you," she said, sweetly.—Cardinal.

* * *

An Irishman and a Frenchman were disputing over the nationality of a friend of theirs.

Said the Frenchman, "I say he is a Frenchman like myself. Was he not born in France?"

"Not at all," declared the Irishman. "If a cat should have kittens in the oven, would you call them biscuits?"—The Cardinal.

* * *

Brown: "I say, Ole, you ought to pull down your shades. I saw you kiss your wife last night."

Ole: "Har! Har! The joke bane on you. Ay not bane home last night, by yimminy!"—The Volunteer.

* * *

First Stew: "I'll drive. You're drunk."

Second Stew: "Aw ri!" (They hit telephone pole.)

Second Stew: "Fooled yuh; didn't unlock steerin' wheel."—Cavalier.



M. B. A., 37; ALUMNI, 15

M. B. A. opened its basketball season with a win over the alumni. The score was 37 to 15.

M. B. A. was first to score. Roberts shot one from the side for two points. He was followed by two spectacular shots by Eaton and Young from the middle of the floor. The first half ended with M. B. A. leading 18 to 8.

M. B. A. came back strong in the second half and then Coach Emerson began to send in subs.

The passing and floor work of M. B. A. was very good. Eaton, Roberts and Reed worked the ball down the floor well, while Young and Brown played a fine defensive game, getting the ball off the back board on almost every occasion.

Duck Roberts was high scorer with seven field goals for a total of fourteen points, followed by "Sweetie" Reed with six points. Ted Srygley and Willie Martin played best for the alumni.

* * *

M. B. A., 33; TILGHMAN HIGH, 43

M. B. A. journeyed up to Paducah to play the Tilghman High School. In this game M. B. A. met its first defeat

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of the season. This game was one of the fastest and hardest played games seen on that floor.

Montgomery Bell was first to score when Roberts shot two field goals in the first few minutes of play. Then Lackey and Clifton tied the score with two goals from the middle of the floor. Then Young shot a foul which put us one point ahead. One team and then the other was leading by one point until the last few minutes of the first half, when M. B. A. rallied, and was leading by the score of 19 to 14 when the whistle blew.

Tilghman High School came back strong and soon tied the score. In the last ten minutes the Paducah boys led, Lackey caging eleven goals and a foul, while Clifton shot seven. Lackey's shooting was the best that had been seen there in a long time. He got all his goals from the middle of the floor. He also played a good floor game.

The passing of the M. B. A. team was good, but their goal shooting was very poor, many easy shots being missed by them.

Roberts and Reed led the M. B. A. attack. Brown and Young played a good defensive game.

* * *

M. B. A., 18; HUME-FOGG, 20

M. B. A. met defeat in the first round for the city championship when Hume-Fogg beat them 20 to 18 in one of the fastest and hardest fought games that has been played in the Y. M. C. A.

M. B. A. scored first when Eaton shot a beautiful goal from the middle of the floor. Then Chest tied the score with a goal from the foul line. Hume-Fogg took the lead

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when Chest shot another goal and Hobbs a foul. Eaton's goal and Reed's foul tied things up again. The half ended with High School leading 11 to 10.

Hume-Fogg came back and scored nine points while M. B. A. scored only two. The score remained this way until the last fifty-five seconds of play, when Roberts, Reed and Hardin dropped them through from the middle of the floor and the whistle ended the rally.

The passing of M. B. A. was perfect, but their goal-shooting was very poor; they made only about one out of every twenty shots. Their defensive play was very good. Brown, the smallest boy on the floor, played the best game.

Bowser, Chest and Johnson played best for Hume-Fogg.

* * *

M. B. A., 26; B. G. A., 13

M. B. A. defeated B. G. A. 26 to 13 in a very slow and uninteresting game.

Hardin started the scoring when he shot one goal in the first minute of play. From then on M. B. A. was in the lead. M. B. A. scored nine points before B. G. A. ever scored. The half ended with M. B. A. leading 16 to 6.

M. B. A. came back strong and then Coach Emerson sent all the second team in.

This was one of the slowest games that has been played here in a long time. The M. B. A. team was not going right. They were not playing together. Most of their passes were bad and they missed too many shots.

Gordon was the high scorer for B. G. A., he making over half of his team's points.

* * *

M. B. A., 29; CHAPEL HILL, 28.

M. B. A. went down to Chapel Hill and won from the strong Chapel Hill team by the score of 29 to 28. The game was fast and hard fought throughout.

Chapel Hill scored first when Hurt shot one from the center of the floor. Brown's foul and Roberts' goal put

M. B. A. in the lead. They never fell behind, but the score was tied several times during the game. The goal-shooting of Reed gave M. B. A. a four-point lead at the end of the first half. The score was 18 to 14.

The second half was not quite as fast as the first. In this half three of the Chapel Hill players went out by the personal foul route.

Reed played one of the best games of his life. He scored five field goals for a total of ten points. The floor work of Roberts and Eaton was excellent.

Young and Brown played a fine defensive game.

Osteen and McBride played best for Chapel Hill.

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